History Company
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BRIDGEPORT CHRONICLE-UNION.

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CHRONICLE-UNION.

ALEX. C. FOLGER. ROBT. M. FOLGER.

Published by

R. M. & A. C. FOLGER

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WHEN

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Horses will take fright and run?

Bricks or timbers will fall?

Fire burn or lightning strike?

Machinery will crush or mangle?

Tools or glass will cut?

Splinters or nails will wound?

Slips and falls will happen?

Hammers and weights will bruise?

Ladder or staging will give way?

Animals will kick or bite?

Limbs will be sprained or broken?

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IN THE

TRAVELERS

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Fancy team	$1 5
Loaded wagon and two animals	1 0
Each additional pair of animals	5
Horseman	1
Pack Animals, each	1
Hogs and sheep, each	
Loose stock, each	
Empty teams half-price.	

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Hogs and sheep, each	
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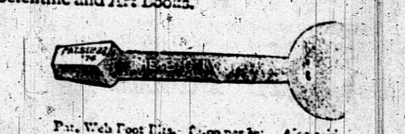

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7—It cannot break or tear anywhere.

How Jack Saw One, or Something Very Like One, but Couldn't Catch Her.

"I was out one day out a-fishing," said an old salt to a London newspaper man, "in about three fathoms of water.

"I was a-sailing along, the water very quiet. There was codlings, whitings, poutings and the like of such fish to be had in plenty, and I vowed out to see if I couldn't ketch a shilling.

"Well, when I came to the place where I reckon the fish was, I threw in my grapnel up the boat's anchor and chucked overboard.

"Guess my surprise and consternation when I found that gone and fast in and gone and cut the cable close to where it was made fast in the boat. It was the doing of some boys, I suppose, but, anyways, the anchor took the cable, and away went the whole consarn.

"It was a new rope and I had no notion of losing it, and my little anchor as well; so I took a fishing line, put on some extra sinkers upon it, and secured the other end to a little cork floater, which when I buoyed the spot, and then rowed home again for the loan of a creep.

"A creep, I may tell ye, is a contrivance for sweeping the bottom of the water with, to bring up anything ye may have lost.

"Well, I got the loan of one, and called to Jimmy Dando, a chap of about 15 years old, to come out and give me a hand, promising him half a pint. We rowed out, came to the place, and he began to row quietly, while I chucked the creep over.

"I hadn't been down two minutes when it came across something that felt sort. It wasn't to be pulled up easy. The end of it anchored the boat.

"'What the blazes have we hooked here?' says I to Jimmy, feeling whatever it was wobbling, as it might be, upon the creep, and yet refusing to come up.

"'Come and lend a hand.'

"He goes up, and hold of the line, and hauled with me. What was coming we couldn't imagine.

"The feel, I tell ye, was quite singular. It wasn't like a piece of rock; it wasn't like a fish; it wasn't like being foul of a rock. There was a kind of swaying and softness about it, as if the object was alive, and was holding on to prevent being drawed up.

"'Haul!' says I.

"We bent our backs, and started the object out of its moorings below; and what's ye think came up?

"Why, sir, there popped half out of water the beautifullest female as ever set eyes on. She looked right at us, and I, never seen such a smile as she had.

"She seemed to be covered with weeds, and her black hair was all wreathed about with seaweed. She had one arm raised out of water, and this was reached out to us as if she cursed us to leave her alone.

"Jim, who was the most ignorant lot of a lad that ever I met, at sight of her gives a screech and tumbles right backwards into the bottom of the boat.

"His falling threw the line out of my hand. The weed and seaweed, and then I hauled up the creep for her again the ironsome temptation.

"I own I was a bit scared myself, but not so alarmed that I wasn't anxious to go on rowing for her again. But Jimmy refused to have anything more to do with it. He said no; he'd come to the sweep for the anchor, but didn't want no devilments with mermaids. As to the latter, I might think it myself. What he replied was to be put ashore.

"However, I wasn't going to leave without my anchor, so I gets the boat into position again, and at the first throw of the creep I brings up the cable. I then rowed Jimmy ashore, where, meeting a couple of men, I tells them of the apparition that came up, and invites them to come out and try if another might not be got further.

"We, they consented, but though I could have sworn we swept over the place twenty times we never hooked on to the object. It got to be fabulous, and others joined, but to no purpose.

"Jimmy's yarn made people believe it was a mermaid. Facts is, he was in such a state of funk, he saw a good deal more than I did or that any other man that hadn't to his head would.

"He said she motioned with her hand, as though to drive us away, and that her eyes sparkled. I couldn't deny myself that she looked as if her dress was coated with jewels and pearls, at least as much of her dress as I could see. And there's no denying, also, that her hair was a beautiful black and as she rose to the surface looked curling and flashing under the seaweed that hung about her hair so graceful you might have sworn it was her sweetheart's doing."

"But it wasn't a mermaid, of course," said I.

"Well, I dun no, I'm sure," he answered.

"The newspapers said," exclaimed another man, "that it must have been a sea-serpent."

"Aye, said another seaman with some little show of reverence, as though refuting an argument that annoyed him, "it's all very fine saying it might have been a sea-serpent. But why was it never come across again? How was it that me and the seven others who tried for it never could hook it?

"I'm not going for to say that she was alive, for I ain't such a fool as Jim's; but neither are ye going to get me to believe that the smiling, beautiful figure as rose up gold ring with jewels was a carved out of wood, and so I tells ye. What it was I don no, but I do know what it warn't."

And, after this wise speech, looking over bravely at me, he filled his pipe afresh and sat smoking thoughtfully.

The Secret Out.

First Patron: "Do you know where Barber Jenkins gets his conversational powers?"

Second Patron: "From his wife, I believe."

What a Woman Does When She's Angry.

A woman doesn't swear; she cries or bites something.—[San Francisco Report.

BADLY TREATED.

The Troubles that Overtook a Merchant Who was Timid and not Cautious.

Mr. Anderson Bradley thought that a mercantile establishment in the Indian Territory could not fail to yield handsome profits. He opened a store in the Choctaw nation about two months ago.

The other day he returned to Little Rock. His clothes were much worn and his manly physique appeared to have received some sort of shock.

"Why, Anderson," said a friend, "you do not appear to be enjoying yourself."

"No, I am not. How is your store in the Indian Territory?"

"It's up there yet."

"Has business been very good?"

"Middling."

"Come, tell me what's the matter."

"Well, I wasn't treated rightly. When I went up there I found a man who wanted to sell his store. He offered the establishment at a very reasonable rate and as I had the cash I bought it. I restocked the house and soon thought myself on the road to prosperity.

"Several days afterward a man walked briskly into the store and said:

"'My name is Fowler.'

"I shook hands with him for he looked as though he might become a good customer, and invited him to sit down.

"'Why did Piles leave so suddenly?' he asked, meaning the man from whom I bought the store.

"I replied that I did not know.

"He went behind the counter and going up to the desk began to look over my books. He was a muscular fellow and I was determined to treat him with politeness, but I soon found it necessary to say something.

"He turned to me and remarked:

"'As the dull season is coming on I reckon I'll have to get along without you.'

"'What do you mean?' I demanded.

"'I mean that I'll have to discharge you. Piles had no authority to employ one. He might have waited until I got back.'

"'Will you please explain?' said I.

"'I think, sir,' he replied, 'that you are the one to explain.'

"'I'll do so. This is my house, and—'

"'Your house?'

"'Yes, my house. I bought it of Piles.'

"'Then Piles sold something that did not belong to him. This is my store. Piles was only a clerk.'

"I couldn't do anything. I went to law, but lost the case. All my money was gone, and I was in a strange country. I had to tramp away. I would tell you more, but Piles is in town."

"'And you are hunting him?'

"'Well, no, I am keeping out of his way.' He says that he didn't charge me enough for the store, and says, so I understand, that he proposes to get even with me physically.

"'I like a quiet life, you know, and therefore shall not associate with him.'"—[Arkansaw Traveler.

He Used to Play Pool.

He was tall, raw-boned and ungainly, with his angularity ill concealed by a buffalo overcoat, the whole crowned by a wide, well-tanned sombrero.

He strolled into a popular billiard hall on Madison street and sat the duce pool-players all agape and all a-flutter by his crude remarks on the game.

"Mind giving me a stick, young fellers?" he finally asked.

The swells winked at each other and the whisper went around, "Here's a sucker."

The old rancher remarked: "Used to play a purty fair game 'bout twenty years ago down in Rancher's run, in Kansas. I'm from that doggasted country, you know."

The balls were spotted and the wild specimen of pool amateur came last. The four "fine players" took their turns with the result of getting two balls.

"No 8," said the table-keeper, and the blizzard-blown rancher took off his buffalo envelope and prepared for a shot. He seized his cue as if it was a pitchfork and hustled the first ball in the corner pocket. He strode around the table like an Indian brave, making all sorts of banks and cushions and fine shots.

He finally stopped when all the balls were down and said:

"Purty good game. Play 'nuther?"

The boys wilted and one by one slunk out.

When they had all gone out the wild Western player said:

"Guess they thought they'd got an old scrub farmer, but it's no snap to do up a Kansas cowboy. Used to play a tolerable game long 'bout twenty years ago down to hum."

He did, indeed. He was Pool-table Jack, of Denver, one of the greatest pool sharps in the West.—[Chicago News.

The "Gall Hook."

"Place this on the 'gall' hook, George."

"What kind of a hook?" I asked, as I overheard one of our theatrical managers give the above direction.

"Why, the 'gall' hook. You, a newspaper man, ought to know what the 'gall' hook is," remarked the manager.

Although I am well aware what "gall" is, I had to confess ignorance as to what a "gall" hook was.

"Well then, listen. You see that hook. That is the 'gall' hook. When a man sends us a request asking us for the earth, or a portion of the hemisphere, without giving any reason why he should make the request, and more so, why we should comply with his wishes, we call that a 'gall' request, and all such petitions go on that hook, which has been christened the 'gall' hook, and there it remains till the end of the season, when the hook is cleared for new 'gall.'"—[Republic.

THE following measurements of living pigs indicate the dead weight of pork, says an English authority: 4 feet 1 inch girth of a fat pig represents 200 pounds; 4 feet 3 inches, 230 pounds; 4 feet 7 inches, 280 pounds; 4 feet 11 inches, 330 pounds; 5 feet 2 inches, 385 pounds; 5 feet 7 inches, 500 pounds. This varies however, according to the length of the animal.

HOW NECKTIES ARE MADE.

A Manufacturer Tells of the Trade and Its Peculiarities.

The designing of silks and satins for neckties is a profession in itself. "There are special grades and designs of silks and satins made exclusively for the necktie trade," said a manufacturer to a New York *Mail* reporter. "These materials are made from patterns designed by men who do nothing but study new things in this line. There are from fifty to seventy-five factories in the country, and you or your agent must be on hand to usually secure exclusive rights to use certain styles of goods offered to the American market, or a large portion of it. But the success of making up such goods is just like a lottery. Perhaps one season I hit upon a design that will become so popular that all the other makers are forced to adopt it, but the next season some one in Boston or Philadelphia will make a hit, and I am forced to buy right. There's never any telling how a cattle is going to take until it is fairly in the market. Then it depends on success on who adopts it first. If he happens to be a swell, that particular line of goods will sell well."

"Are the styles of making up neckties original here?"

"Not now. They were until about three years ago, but now our styles are superior to the European, and they are coming over here for patterns. However, there is a tendency toward English patterns for this season.

"There are more than 1,200 girls employed in this city alone. They work by the piece and make money more or less according to their experience. A good finisher can make $5 or $6 a week. She takes a necktie after it is put together and finishes each detail perfectly so that it is ready to box. Three different colors of the same design and same style are wrapped together to give the dealer an assortment in the one make. The finisher must see that all of this kind are exactly alike in point of finish and make-up. We have one girl who does nothing but turn hands of neckties, and she makes $15 a week. She turns twenty-five or thirty dozen hands a day."

NAPHA-KLANG.

Manner in Which Tombs Are Built and Interments Made.

A striking feature about Napha-Klang is the number of tombs surrounding it. These are built in the sides of the hills, and are of a horseshoe shape. They are in the form of vaults, and are constructed of solid masonry. In these vaults the dead are placed and left for seven years, after which the remains are collected and placed in urns. Those who can not afford to build a tomb for the use of their own relatives combine with others, so as to have a common place of sepulture of respectable appearance. The finer, however, are interred in holes cut in the sea cliffs. After burial supplies of food and rice spirit are placed in the tomb for the use of the deceased, which the relatives come and consume after a decent interval. The combings of the hair are collected by the priests, and by them burnt on certain occasions as offerings for some purpose or other; but the meaning of the rite has not yet been disclosed.

A Sea Flower.

One of the most exquisite wonders of the sea is called the opelet, about the size of the German aster, and looking, indeed very much like one. Imagine a very large double aster, with a great many long petals, of a light green color, glossy as satin, and each tipped with the color of a blush rose. These lovely petals do not lie in their places quietly, however, but wave about in the water, while the white opelet clings to a rock. You have no idea how pretty and innocent it looks on its immovable bed. Would you suspect that it would feast upon anything grosser than dew and sunbeams? Let us watch this satanic plant—for it is a devil of a flower—and see what it will do with those pretty, graceful arms. You will see in a moment—for here comes a foolish little fish—to you, see that little fish wriggling and sinking?—ah, it has disappeared! Yes, it was struck dead by the poison in those pretty arms, which was as fatal as the rattlesnake's bite, and in an instant a tremendous mouth opened and the victim was swallowed whole by the innocent looking opelet—a scaly thing for a flower to do, surely.

The Terrier and the Coyote.

We have a dog—a yaller dog—and the way we have bragged on that dog and his fighting qualities will, we fear, prove a bar to our passage through the pearly gates. We have told his pedigree and offered to back him against any other pup in the valley; in fact, our assurance has staved off many a battle; but, alas, our trade in that direction has vanished.

While riding forth in the sage-brush country the other day we noticed a small coyote dogging our tracks; we proceeded to dog him, when something peculiar happened. The yaller terrier commenced to pivot around a large sage bush with the coyote in hot pursuit. Well, now, you know a coyote can beat a cyclone a mile, and he took about two rounds before he could get on the dog enough to take a piece of meat out of his hind leg. To say that the terrier was astonished is a mild term. He fell over himself several times, hauled down the flag and sought the shelter of the horse. That pursuing coyote followed us for two miles, at least on a light, but he did not get it. Bids will be received at our office for the terrier.

What He Came Back For.

Father of young girl: "I should think you would be satisfied after the treatment you got here last night. I kicked you down the front steps and set the dog on you, and he came back with a big piece of your trousers. Now what do you want?"

Young Man: "I'd like that piece of cloth, please."—[Life.

CHRONICLE-UNION

BRIDGEPORT, JANUARY 11, 1890.

Entered at the Bridgeport Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

Official Press.

SAN FRANCISCO AGENTS.

H. A. McCRANEY, Manager of the Central & Northern California Press Association, No. 18 Montgomery street.

E. C. DAKE, 65 Merchants' Exchange.

L. P. FISHER, 21 Merchants' Exchange.

G. H. KELLOGG, 330 Pine street.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

Forty years ago to-day Edward Gilbert and G. W. Wright, California's first elected delegates to the National Congress, sailed for Panama on the steamer Oregon, en route for Washington. With them went J. C. Fremont and W. M. Gwin, who had been elected Senators in advance of the admission of the State, the object of their trip being to aid in urging on Congress the claims of California to Statehood. As all Californians know, their mission was crowned with success on September 9th of that year 1850. Mr. Gilbert, who was afterwards killed in a duel was then the head of the firm of E. Gilbert & Co., proprietors and publishers of the Alta California. The announcement of their departure was made in the New Year edition of the Alta of December 31, 1849, in the following brief local item:

☞ In the Oregon of to-morrow, for the U. S., are Passengers J. C. Fremont and W. M. Gwin, Senators elect, and G. W. Wright and Edw. Gilbert, Representatives elect, from the State of California. They proceed directly to the seat of Government.

We clip the above from the Alta of January 1st.

In this connection we have to say that Bayard Taylor was a passenger en route for Mexico, and when the yawl shoved off, he waved an adieu which was responded to with cheers from over 450 passengers, which were renewed when he landed on Mexican soil. This voyage of the Oregon was a remarkable one—only equaled by that of the steamer America, which sailed from San Francisco, February 2d, 1852 for San Juan Del Sur. R. M. Folger, of the CHRONICLE-UNION, was a passenger in both steamers, and a participant in the stirring incidents of the voyages. The Oregon was built for the Pacific Coast prior to the discovery of gold, and her cabin was limited to thirty passengers. The California was to have sailed from San Francisco on December 15th, but, having broken down, the Sirius took her place. She was the first English steamer to cross the Atlantic, arriving at New York in 1837, and the pioneer of the trans-Atlantic Steamship service. Her accommodations being limited, the bulk of passengers waited for the Oregon. The sale of tickets commenced at an early hour and continued until midnight, when over 450 steerage passengers were booked—the rate was $150 to Panama, and only one ticket was sold to an applicant. The time to and from Panama was restricted to not less than twenty-one days, consequently sails went up and steam went down when the wind was favorable. She stopped at Monterey, Santa Barbara, where sheep and vegetables were taken on board; at San Diego, for cattle, Mazatlan and Acapulco. Among the passengers were Hobson, of Hobson, Cross & Co., and Captain Norton; both of San Francisco. The steamer arrived at Acapulco late in the evening and most of the passengers spent the night ashore, well armed, the inhabitants being hostile. Next morning Captain Pearson went ashore to dine with the Commandant of the Port, and most all the passengers returned on board. About noon the Commandant drove into town with Captain Pearson. Upon alighting, Pearson was knocked down and beaten by Captain Norton, whereupon the soldiers were ordered to charge. The few Americans were driven to the boats, Hobson having been slightly wounded in the back by a bayonet. Intense excitement prevailed on the steamer. Fremont called for volunteers to take the fort, and the steerage armed, but before they could get ashore, the Captain signaled to detain the boats and fire one gun; and within ten minutes Pearson came on board, and the Oregon put to sea. Captain Pearson was confined to his cabin several days—the outcome of a long standing quarrel with Norton when they were fellow mates. During the voyage, the officers were sorely tried, day and night. Every section of the country was represented, and the homeward bound determined to make the trip a merry one, and all manner of pranks were played upon the mates, particularly first-mate Whiting. The big bell, at the hatch, had a string attached to the clapper, and the ringing for fire and the watch was almost continuous, and to the inquiry, coupled with a threat to iron, of who did it, "Dunbar" was shouted. This continued for two or three days when, with curses on "Dunbar," Whiting ordered the removal of the bell, and the tinkle of the little bell at the cabin was only heard. The night before arrival at Panama, the passengers had undisputed sway, and the officers were powerless. The butcher was interviewed, and quarters of beef, and dressed hogs and sheep were thrown into the fire room, and a cow driven into the cabin, which was below deck. Amid jeers and bossing, the crew worked over an hour on that bovine. Gwin and Wright remained aft, the latter wearing a stovepipe hat, tailor clothes and kid gloves. Fremont and Gilbert wore slouch hats and daily went forward and associated with the steerage. Upon leaving the steamer, Gwin and Wright were groaned at, and Fremont and Gilbert loudly cheered.

At Chagres, the Cherokee and Empire City, for New York, and Falcon, for New Orleans, steamed away, and "Dunbar" was the cry.

Charles M. Radcliff, a Pioneer and City Recorder of Alameda, is dead, aged 70. He crossed came to California in the steamer California, the first steamer that ever entered San Francisco Bay. He was chief engineer of the steamer, but left her and went to the mines. He was once Judge of Tuolumne county, and held other offices there, but located in Alameda about twenty-three years ago. He was a life long Republican, but voted for Cleveland, having known him in Buffalo, N. Y.

Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, has introduced a bill to empower Federal Judges to grant military pensions. Better make them enforce the laws of Congress, which is not done in California, where they shift their duties to the shoulders of U. S. Commissioners.

A San Francisco barkeeper fired a salute on New Year's morning with ball cartridges in his pistol and accidentally shot a boy in the head, but not fatally. Such a fool ought to be put where he can do no harm for some time.

The San Francisco Treasury vault is crowded with money, its floor being covered with sacks of $20 pieces. There is on hand about $4,500,000, but the State will soon take a good portion of it.

What's in a name? By a German imperial order the regiment of dragoons entitled the Queen of England's Regiment shall henceforth be called the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland's Regiment.

A large number of Republicans received New Year's presents in the shape of appointments to places in the United States Mint, San Francisco.

San Francisco's new City Hall has already cost $3,783,673 97, and it is no where near completion. It has been a good job to be suised.

The Red Bluff Sentinel says Assemblyman Shannahan will be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Congressman from the First District.

There were 653 failures in California last year with liabilities amounting to $3,716,964, the assets amounting to $1,871,531—a trifle over 50 cents on the dollar.

There were 5,584 deaths in San Francisco last year, 470 less than in '88, when the smallpox and other fatal diseases prevailed.

The Eastern climate is ahead of California in one particular—it houses the baseball clubs.

The International Marine Conference at Washington adjourned sine die December 31st.

NEW TO-DAY

IN THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF THE County of Mono, State of California.

Regular meeting, January 6th, 1890. Present, J. A. Crosier, Wm. Stewart, and Geo. H. Bump Members, and N. B. Hunewill, Chairman; and O. H. Kister, Clerk.

The Board of Supervisors of the County of Mono, State of California, do ordain as follows.

ORDINANCE NO. 38.
(Road Poll Tax).

SECTION 1—There is hereby levied upon each male person over twenty-one and under fifty-five years of age, found in each Road District in Mono county, a Road Poll Tax of Two (2) dollars for the year 1890.

This Ordinance having been twice read and duly considered by the Board, was put upon its passage, and was duly adopted this 6th day of January, 1890, by the following vote:

AYES: Crosier, Bump, Stewart, and Hunewill. NOES: None.

N. B. HUNEWILL,
Chairman.

ATTEST:
O. H. KISTER,
[L. S.] Clerk.

Endorsed: Ordinance No. 38.
Filed January 8th, 1890. O. H. Kister, Clerk.
Recorded January 8th, 1890, in Book B, folio 37.

jan1-2w O. H. Kister, Clerk.

IN THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF THE County of Mono, State of California.

Regular meeting, January 6th, 1890. Present J. A. Crosier, Wm. Stewart, and Geo. H. Bump, members, and N. B. Hunewill, Chairman; and O. H. Kister, Clerk.

The Board of Supervisors of Mono County, Cal., do ordain as follows:

ORDINANCE NO. 39.
(Hospital Tax).

SECTION 1—There is hereby levied upon each male person over twenty one and under sixty years of age, found in Mono county, a Hospital tax of Three ($3) dollars for the year 1890.

This Ordinance having been twice read and duly considered by the Board, was put upon its passage, and was adopted this 6th day of January, 1890, by the following vote.

AYES: Hunewill, Crosier, Bump and Stewart. NOES: None.

N. B. HUNEWILL.
Chairman.

ATTEST:
O. H. KISTER,
[L. S.] Clerk.

Indorsed: Ordinance No. 39.
Filed January 8th, 1890, O. H. Kister, Clerk.
Recorded January 8th, 1890, in book B, folio 38.

jan1-2w O. H. Kister, Clerk.

FRESNO AND MERCED COUNTY LANDS TO RENT AND FOR SALE.

75,000 ACRES of Wheat and Sugar Beet Land in the above Counties, to rent for a term of years. Also,

100,000 ACRES of fine Land in, Fruit, Alfalfa and Sugar Beet Land, with water for irrigation, for sale in tracts of from 20 acres to large tracts suitable for Colony purposes.

For particulars, apply to

E. B. PERRIN,
402 Kearny street, San Francisco.

Economy at the Furnace Door.

The best engineer in Christendom, says *Practical Electricity*, can not produce the best results with his plant when he has to depend on an unskilled fireman, or upon himself, acting also as fireman. It is a common notion that any body can shovel coal into a furnace, and that this constitutes all that a fireman needs to do. A great many mill agents, treasurers, to say nothing of boards of directors, cherish this idea, without realizing how serious it is. We assert that no man ought to be placed in charge of a coal pile who can not tell approximately how much can be dedused from it, because it represents a certain number of foot-pounds of work, and has, therefore, definite evaporative value. To speak plain, the coal pile means just so many dollars worth of work. The duty of expending this money, this raw material, should be intrusted to a well-experienced and well-paid fireman. Every engineer has his own specific sphere of work, and only false economy demands that he should move out of it. Engineers are neither omniscent nor omnipresent, but, if they know their business, and are not afraid to toil the truth, they will not hesitate to recognize and condemn the wastefulness of the policy of hiring either a cheap fireman or no fireman at all.

The Mouth of the Horse.

Be careful of the horse's mouth. Men who jerk the reins because they are too mad to be sensible and humane, should have a bit placed in their own mouths and have it jerked by some brutal fellow who would enjoy giving pain. In breaking colts, be very careful about the mouth, and never hit an animal that has a sore mouth while it continues sore. The mouth of the horse should be more frequently examined than it usually is. Sometimes there is an inflammation that needs attention. Sometimes the teeth need attention, and occasionally it may even be necessary to draw a tooth. It is by no means uncommon that the poor condition of a horse can be traced to some ailment of the mouth which prevents the proper mastication of the food. It is not much trouble to open the mouth and look into it, and it will often prevent trouble.

The Sun as a Curative Agent.

Court the sun, if you are one of the unhappy ones who lie awake o' nights. The very best specific is ventilation, and the very best sunshine. Therefore it is very plain that poor sleepers should pass as many hours as possible in the sunshine and as few as possible in the shade. Many women are martyrs, and yet they do not know it. They shut the sunshine out of their houses and their hearts, they wear veils, they carry parasols, they do all that is possible to keep off the subtlest and yet most potent influence which is intended to give them strength and beauty and cheerfulness. Is it not time to change this, and so get color and roses in their pale cheeks, strength in their weak backs and courage in their timid souls?

The Supervisors of Tuolumne county have appointed D. G. Hart Sheriff and Tax Collector to fill the unexpired term of Geo. McQuade, deceased. Hart's appointment gives general satisfaction.

The Blythe case still drags in the San Francisco Probate Court. The Lond n Savages have closed their case, and were followed by the Adam Blythe claimants.

Buffalo Bill is said to be investing his recently acquired fortune in Western lands and Washington (D. C.) real estate.

M. Matsu, the Japanese Minister, returned to Japan on the 7th on the Belgic.

Mexico intends to suppress gambling of every description.

New Today.

Stanley is Back!

AND HAS ELECTRIFIED THE WORLD

By the announcement of his safe return to civilization. His adventures and discoveries have been **grand, wonderful, marvelous. The World has seen** nothing like them before. His thrilling adventures, marvelous discoveries, daring exploits, astounding privations, wonderful trip across the Dark Continent, **show he is a genius.** Everything will be included, from his first entrance into Africa to the present time. Everybody want the new

Genuine Stanley Book!

From Stanley's own writings and despatches. Over 400 of the grandest and most wonderful **new Engravings and Colored Plates** ever seen in a book of travels. It has been eagerly awaited, and will be more sought after, make more money for the agent and make it easier than any book issued for the **past fifty years.**

CAUTION! Old and unreliable accounts of Stanley's travels are being published. Do not be deceived by old books, re-hashes and battered plates. We announce this to protect our agents and the public against the numerous, worthless so-called Stanley Books—all of which are simply OLD BOOKS that have been in use for years, and are now being offered as new books, with a few pages of new matter added.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

Teachers, Young Men and Ladies, Ministers, Farmers, Mechanics and Clerks can easily make from $5 to $20 per day. No experience required. Canvassing outfits now ready. Send immediately for illustrated circulars and terms, free, or, to secure an agency at once, remit $1.00 for the outfit and you shall be served first. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Address

THE HISTORY CO.,
723 Market street, San Francisco.

LEGAL.

LAND OFFICE AT INDEPENDENCE, CAL., November 21, 1889.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the County Clerk of Mono County, California, at Bridgeport, on

JANUARY 11th, 1890,

viz: SAMUEL T. OATES, Pre emption D. S., No 142, for the N ½ of S W ¼, S ½ of S W ¼ of Sec. 17, N E ¼ of S W ¼ of Sec 2, T. 5 N., R 28 E., M D M.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz:

William Barnes, David Eber, Louis Gullick son all of Chalfants Salmon, all of Antelope Valley, Mono Co. Cal.

JOHN W. P. LAIRD,
Register.

nl-4d

Death-Giving Oxygen.

It is a curious fact, discovered by Dr. B W. Richardson, that pure oxygen becomes devitalized by repeated inhalations. Animals confined in a current of freshly-made, pure oxygen were differently affected, but never became sleepy; but when the oxygen, once inhaled, was freed from all known impurities and again supplied, the animals invariably became drowsy, fell asleep, and, under successive inhalations of the purified gas, expired. It was evident that, in breathing, the oxygen had undergone some change unknown to the chemists. What the change is can only be conjectured, though Dr Richardson has found that if the exhausted oxygen be chemically charged it is revitalized, and will again support life.

MEDICAL.

Weak Women

Owe to themselves a duty to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, in view of the great relief it has given those who suffer from ailments peculiar to the sex. By purifying the blood, regulating important organs, strengthening the nerves, and toning the whole system, it restores the debilitated to health.

After 15 Years.

"For 15 years my mother has been troubled with milk leg. She went to different parts of California, as persons said the climate might help her, but it was of no avail, and I, being a druggist, thought I would get her to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before she had taken half a bottle she said she was improving, so she continued until she took half a dozen bottles, and now she is perfectly well. For nearly fifteen years she was unable to walk around, but now she can walk as well as ever." T. F. BLAKE, San Francisco, with C. F. Richards & Co., Wholesale Druggists.

Like a New Creature.

"I have been for years trying to get help for that terrible general debility and weakness so common to women. Within a year I have taken ten or twelve bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I am now feeling like a new creature." Mrs. F. B. Ross, Marlin, Texas.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mrs. J. F. Crowell,

MAIN STREET, BRIDGEPORT.

JUST RECEIVED!
NEW GINGHAMS,
Beatrice Drapery for Curtains, Turkish Tidies
LATEST STYLES OF HOSIERY FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.
A FINE ASSORTMENT OF SHOES FOR BABIES.

A Fine Stock of Ladies' Underwear.

LADIES FRENCH KID SHOES OF THE FINEST QUALITY and LATEST STYLES.
Also PEBBLE GOAT SHOES.
MISSES' and CHILDREN'S SHOES a Specialty.
Ladies' Fine Kid Gloves, Mitts, Etc.
RUCHINGS, RIBBONS and a Large Assortment of FANCY ARTICLES.

DROP IN, LADIES, and EXAMINE MY NEW STOCK!

No trouble to show Goods; that is what We are here for! jn8 tf

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Quick Time and Cheap Fares
To Eastern and European Cities,
VIA the Great Trans-continental all rail Route
—OF THE—

Southern Pacific Company.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Daily Express trains make prompt connection with the several railways in the East,
AND AT
NEW YORK and NEW ORLEANS
With the several Steamer Lines to
ALL EUROPEAN PORTS.

Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars
—AND—
TOURIST SLEEPING CARS
attached to Overland Express Trains.

☞ Tickets sold, Sleeping Car Berths secured and proper information given upon application at the Company's Offices, where passengers calling in person can secure choice of routes, etc.

Orders Sold at Lowest Rates for tickets for passage from Europe and Eastern Cities to any point in the Pacific States and Territories. These Orders, if not used, will be redeemed at the full amount paid therefor.

A. N. Towne, Gen. Manager. R. Gray, Gen. Pass. Mgr. T. H. Goodman, Gen. Pass. & T. Agt. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

RAILROAD LANDS

For Lands in Central and Northern California, Oregon, Nevada and Utah, apply to or address W. H. MILLS, Land Agent, C. P. R. R. SAN FRANCISCO.

For Lands in Southern California, apply to or address JEROME MADDEN, Land Agent, S. P. R. R. SAN FRANCISCO.

PIONEER SALOON,

CORNER OF COURT HOUSE BLOCK AND MAIN STREET, BRIDGEPORT.

☞ Refitted and furnished with the BEST of everything required in a First-Class Saloon

au24-tf F. M. RICHARDSON.

THE BRICK SALOON.

BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL.

☞ This SALOON has been refitted, and is stocked with the BEST of WINES, LIQUORS and CIGARS,
And will be conducted first-class.

nl-tf THOS. F. COYLE, Proprietor.

MISCELLANEOUS.

POSTOFFICE STORE,

BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL.

HAS IN STOCK

Choice Family Groceries,

DRY GOODS
FANCY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
BOOTS, SHOES and HATS,

Wines and Liquors,

PAINTS, OILS, LAMPS, CHIMNEYS and WICK
Hardware,
Stationery, Confectionary,
Powder and Shot.

A. F. BRYANT.

JOE A. BROWN,

General Merchandise,
Main Street, Bridgeport.

Choice Family Groceries,
Fancy and Toilet Articles,
Canndies and Nuts
Yankee Notions.
Powder, Shot, Caps and Cartridges,
Stationery, etc., etc.

D. HAYS & BRO

MAIN STREET, BRIDGEPORT,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

General Merchandise,

Consisting of

GROCERIES, HARDWARE,
Provisions
Wines and Liquors.
CLOTHING,
DRY GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES.
Paints, Oils, Sash, Windows, Doors and Glass,
BUCKEYE MOWERS and AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

ADVERTISE IN THE CHRONICLE-UNION. THE LEADING PAPER OF MONO COUNTY.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. G. HUGHES,

Blacksmith and Wagon Maker

BRIDGEPORT, CAL.

HORSE AND OX SHOEING,
AND GENERAL JOBBING

TYPE METAL
For Sale at
This Office

Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT P. E. Van Loan of the Bridgeport Livery Stable is my authorized agent at Bridgeport. All orders left at the stable will be promptly attended to.

GEORGE MOYLE.

Bridgeport, February 10th, 1888.

CHRONICLE-UNION.

BRIDGEPORT, JANUARY 11, 1890

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Personal.

Supervisors Bump and Stewart, and H. A. Weaver and Frank P. Willard arrived from Bodie on Sunday after a hazardous trip round by way of Sweetwater with Geo. Moyle with a four-in-hand.

Supervisor Creaser and J. F. Millner arrived from Benton on Tuesday.

Alfred V. Morgan, who has been in this office most of the time for the past three years, returned to his Bodie home on Monday with George Moyle.

H. J. Kister, brother of our County Clerk, arrived from Marysville, Kansas, on Monday, to visit the California branch of the Kister family. He will visit Oregon and Washington before he returns home.

Willie Butler, of Bodie, is visiting his Bridgeport friends.

J. F. Millner, of Benton, left on yesterday's stage for home.

H. A. Weaver and Frank P. Willard returned to Bodie yesterday.

Miss Clara Donnel has returned from Laudy, coming out on snowshoes.

HUGELY DISGUSTED.—The people of this town had a huge disgust on last Sunday afternoon, when George Moyle, our young mail contractor, drove a four-in-hand into town from Bodie, by way of Sweetwater, with four passengers, but brought none of the delayed mails, which he had promised to bring through. Everybody rushed to the Postoffice, but found he had brought a few letters only. The wrath of the mail-seekers knew no boundary lines, and the fact of its being the Sabbath prevented no one of our religiously inclined people speaking his mind very emphatically, and we will do the young contractor credit by saying that he stood his ground well. After the hurricane had partially subsided he shifted the responsibility to the shoulders of his brother, the Bodie Postmaster, who, he said, refused to deliver the mails, fearing he would not get through and the mails would get wet; and he promised to return at once and bring them through. This somewhat mollified the congregation, which soon dispersed, after all had duly blessed George and the Bodie Postmaster.

"OUR GLORIOUS CLIMATE."—We have had a specimen of climate this week that would keep us out the Citrus Belt. On Monday morning the spirits registered 40 degrees below zero; Tuesday 44 degrees; Wednesday 40. Wednesday afternoon and evening it moderated some, and on Thursday morning it was 20 below zero; but it continued to moderate and yesterday morning it was 18 degrees above zero—a very agreeable change. Yesterday was cloudy, with snow at intervals. There was a snow squall last night, but at 8 o'clock this morning the mercury stood at 12 degrees above zero. Another storm is coming.

THE JURY LOTTERIES.—On Monday the Board of Supervisors selected 103 names of taxpayers for trial jurors, and 27 for the grand jury, all being put in the jury boxes. The lucky ones to draw the grand jury prizes will not be known until next Fall, but those ticketed stand a much better show of getting a prize than they will in the big or little Louisiana lotteries. The first of the trial jury drawings will take place in time for the prizes to be distributed at the Lee trial, which is set for the 13th—Monday next, but which will have to be postponed again, probably.

A COLD RIDE.—Supervisor Creaser, H. J. Kister and J. F. Millner had a cold ride from Fletcher's on Monday. On account of the deep snow the horses could seldom trot this side of Sweetwater, which made the ride more trying, they not reaching Bridgeport until late at night, the thermometer standing at 36 degrees below zero.

COUNTY ADVERTISING.—On Tuesday the Board of Supervisors fixed the following rates for county advertising: Delinquent tax list $1 per square, and $15 for postponement; Board of Supervisors' proceedings 25 cents per square, and other advertising $1.

RENEWED.—The Supervisors have renewed the contract with Mrs. M. A. Hearne for the care of the County Hospital. Mrs. Hearne has had the care of it several years, and kept it to the satisfaction of all interested, and the contract should be renewed as often as she desires it.

STRAIGHT-JACKET HIM.—The Bodie Fool has again broken loose. He should be put in a straight jacket and gagged. The ravings of such fools do a town more damage than the people of Bodie can imagine.

FROZEN TO DEATH.—Several of our ranchers had a number of calves frozen to death during the remarkably cold nights of this week.

HOSPITAL, ROAD AND POLL TAXES.—In another column will be found the Ordinances levying the yearly Hospital, Poll and Road taxes.

COUNTY TREASURY.—The moneys in the County Treasury were counted on Monday, and the amount was $16,301 73.

ROAD OVERSEER.—John Lockwood has been appointed by the Supervisors Road Overseer of Bodie District.

HEALTH.—The Supervisors have re-appointed P. Curtis Health Officer of Bodie.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Hakes, J.

MONDAY, Jan. 6.

The Calendar was called and cases disposed of as follows:

L. Jacobs vs. Mono Lake H. M. Co. Passed for the term.

Chas. Melville et al. vs. James Showers et al—two cases. Passed for term.

Mono County Bank vs. J. A. McQuaid. Passed for term.

F. Cameron et al. vs. F. R. Brown et al. Passed.

A. Kilpatrick vs. C. H. Kelley. Passed.

J. B. Miller vs. H. Boone. Passed.

R. Kirman et al. vs Virginia Creek H. M. Co. Passed.

S. B. Burkham vs. Mocking Bird Con. M. Co. Passed.

Leulla Titus, A. Garrard, Guardian, vs. A. Pettibone. Passed.

N. H. Gregory vs. H. Blanchard. Passed.

Chy Hong et al, vs. Wm. Corbett et al. Passed.

THE BACK MAILS.—George Moyle came in from Bodie, by way of Sweetwater, on Thursday afternoon, with a portion of the delayed mails to December 19th, and our county papers as far back as the 21st of December. The balance of the mails were left behind to make room for express matter. Moyle returned to Bodie yesterday, intending to return on Monday with the balance of the mails and express. Our people left the Postoffice on Thursday evening loaded down with mail matter, the C-U office receiving a dray load of exchanges, and on Monday next we should receive a like amount. As we have been virtually cut off from the outside world since before Christmas we have to follow the example of the Governor of Iceland. He receives one mail a year, and goes back to the remotest date and reads up, but while he reads but one paper a day until the next arrival, we have to go through them more expeditiously, to find out what has occurred while we have been snowbound. If it is any consolation to our people, we will say that this is not the only place that has been without a mail many days.

VERY "CHEEKY."—On Tuesday H. A. Weaver, the well known Stockton job printer, who has been mysteriously inveigled into a concern in Bodie, with a "branch at Stockton," which is an appropriate location for a "branch" of such a concern, appeared with a paid attorney before the Board of Supervisors and asked that body of Republicans to "recommend" the 6x9 represented by Mr. Weaver, to be the "official paper" of the county! The cheekiness of the suggestion dazed the members for a few moments. They looked at each other in mute astonishment, and when they recovered from their dazed condition one had sufficient strength left to move an adjournment, evidently fearing our esteemed friend from Stockton was one of the "unfortunates" from the Slough City. If Mr. Weaver does not return to Stockton immediately he will soon find that the reputation of the sheet in question is such that had the Supervisors been Democrats they would not have recognized it as a paper any quicker than a Republican Board would. It is truly wonderful, what "cheek" some people exhibit.

A GOOD COLLECTION.—Tax Collector Cody yesterday paid to Treasurer Brown the sum of $17,707 68, State and County taxes collected on December account. He paid in $1,609 84 on November account, making a total collection of $19,317 52, and leaving a delinquency of $4,235 32, the greater part of which will be paid before the delinquent list is published, so that the final delinquency will probably not reach over $1,500. Considering that the Tax Collector did not visit the several precincts to collect, and the storms and impassible condition of the roads—everybody being snowbound, the collection is highly creditable to our taxpayers, and plainly shows their confidence in the stability of the county.

RAILROAD TAXES.—The Carson & Colorado Railroad Company has paid to the State Treasury its taxes, as assessed by the State Board of Equalization. Of this tax Mono county receives $1,446 30.

PAY UP!—Those who have not paid their taxes should do so at once and keep their names out of print.

GO, OR SEND, TO SILAS B. SMITH, Main street, Bodie, California, if you need Marseilles Quilts; Honey Comb Spreads; Blankets; Bed Comforters; Sheets; Pillow Cases; Napkins in White, Turkey Red, or Cross Bar; Crash; Hand Towels; Bar Towels; Men's and Boy's Suits; Overcoats; Blanket Lined Clothing, Boots, Hats, Fur Caps; Ladies' and Misses' Underwear, Hosiery, Shawls, Dress Goods, But on Boots, Slippers and Handkerchiefs. Remember Silas B. Smith, Main street, Bodie, California. Goods Delivered Free to any part of Mono or Esmeralda Counties.

The Grave Gets Tired Yawning,

Seemingly, for certain wretched invalids who toddle feebly along, though always looking as if they were going to die, but omitting to do it. They dry up, wither, dwindle away finally, but in the meantime never having robust health know nothing of the physical enjoyment, the zest of that existence to which they cling with such remarkable tenacity. They are always to be found trying to mend by tinkering at themselves with some trashy remedy, tonic or "pick me up" to give a fillip to digestion, or "help the liver." If such misguided folks would resort and adhere to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters it would be well with them. This superb invigorant supplies the stamina that the feeble require, by permanently reinforcing digestion and assimilation. It overcomes nervousness, dissomnia, malaria, kidney complaints, biliousness, constipation, rheumatism and neuralgia.

CAUGHT AT LAST.—Robert K. Love was married at Bishop on New Year's Day to Mrs. Ellen Warner. We congratulate the couple.

ENERGY VERSUS LUCK.

The Ignorant Superstition Which Prevails in Regard to the Latter.

"Give a man luck and throw him into the sea," is, perhaps, one of the oldest sayings extant all over the world, for we find its equivalent in every language spoken. It is a pity we are not all gifted with this fortunate grace; if we were we need never trouble at any time. But it happens, however, says the London *Standard*, that the so-called lucky ones are very few and very far between; and yet, to note the observations of every-day life, one would imagine that the contrary were the case—that is to say, if we may judge from the fact that everybody asserts that every body else is lucky except himself. "I never knew such luck as that man has," says Jones of Brown, and Brown of Jones remarks that "Jones has the very devil's own luck—every thing he does turns out well!" and still they may be both in the same boat struggling against impending adversity, or calmly gliding along the stream of comparative prosperity.

It is merely the outcome of an unfathomable discontent that pervades all, or nearly all human creatures—that semi-jealous feeling of each other's neighbor that finds lodging in every breast. Now, risking the wrath of the superstitious and the believers in omens and odd numbers, we firmly maintain that there is no such thing as luck at all. Perseverance and circumstance are the secret of all success, and, as nothing succeeds like success, luck is the natural sequence of perseverance. It is mainly the kickers and lazy people who perpetually rave about lack of luck, forgetting that, if there be any virtue in this tantalizing talisman, it is very like the philosopher's stone, and requires a considerable amount of delving and diving to secure.

Shakespeare gives evidence that he was not free from this peculiar failing. In the "Merry Wives of Windsor" he makes that genial and obese old rogue "Falstaff" say to "Dame Quickly," "Good luck lies in odd numbers. They say there is a divinity in odd numbers—either in nativity, chance or death!" This idea is, of course, founded on the Pythagorean system, "All nature is harmony; man is a full chord, and all beyond is Deity, so that nine represents Deity." And thus A major chord consists of a fundamental or tonic, its major third and its just fifth. Seven notes complete the octave, and nine is Deity. The odd numbers being the primary notes of nature, it is easy to see how they came to be considered the great or lucky numbers, but then the luck belongs exclusively to the numbers and not to the application thereof, as is the popular impression.

But to enter into or properly explain the positions and qualities of odd numbers would paralyze the great Euclid himself. So, to return to our luck. If there be such an uncanny thing, how is it that never since the creation has one man ever been known to credit his success in life to luck? His downfall, yes, to bad luck; his rise and progress to luck, good, bad or indifferent. Never. If any one had the temerity to suggest such a thing the notion would be scouted as not only preposterous but impious. The answer would be something like this: "My success, sir, which you vulgarly attribute to luck, has been achieved by sheer hard work and determination; and what I have earned I deserve." And in most cases it would be right.

Certainly there are at times fortuitous circumstances that make a man successful, whether he will or not, but then such is not luck, it is pure accident. And as we are all liable to meet with disagreeable accidents, so are we all likely to meet with agreeable ones. Only we never own it, supposing we think so. We go on declaring that "it is better to be born lucky than rich," and yet we are quite incapable of explaining what we exactly mean. In the commercial sense—and it is only in the commercial sense that we think upon the subject if we are rich, we don't want luck, and if we are lucky we are rich. Lord Beaconsfield says in "Venetia:" "Luck, is he who has neither creditors nor offspring, and who owes neither money nor affection—after all the most difficult to pay of the two." This is as cynically true that not a soul believes it.

Faith in the charm of the horse-shoe is held sacred to this day, in town and country, by ignorant persons; but we do not imagine that they nail it up over the door as a protection against witches, as was once the custom. It is supposed to rather bring good luck than to avert any evil. Many otherwise sane individuals will stoop to pick up a shoe in the street, and others would rather deliver up all their goods and chattels than walk under a ladder. There is more common sense in this latter idiosyncracy than may appear at first sight. One does not run so great a risk of receiving a paint-pot or a brick, that may be on the journey from the roof to the pavement, outside the range of the ladder as immediately under it. This is about the only superstition that is worth preserving.

Generally speaking logical people discard the conceit of any thing coming to pass through mere "luck," though numbers on the surface profess unshakable belief therein. As a rule, those who complain about their bad luck are those who complain about any thing—those who expect fortunes to drop into their laps without any exertion on their part to obtain them. People are frequently heard to lament they are down on their luck, and then they absolutely do sit down on their luck and stay there. Most things come to the man who works, but very few to the man who calmly sits down and waits. Nothing upsets superstition as much as common sense. There is no such quality as luck, except it be in a very unknown quantity. People have had luck when they can not take the rough with the smooth; when they wear out the smooth and forget that it ever existed. Good luck means good intentions well carried out; and, after all, the only lucky man in the world is he who is lucky enough to get what he deserves.

Flash-Light Photography.

A Connecticut Yankee suggests the use of flash-light photography as a means of protecting bank vaults from burglars. He says: "I would have a camera placed in a position where it would command in the field of vision a space of ten feet square or more in front of the door of the vault and have the other apparatus so arranged that as soon as tampering with the vault door was attempted the whole would be placed in operation. My plan would, of course, include retaining the burglar alarm connecting with police headquarters. As soon as the burglars had begun operations the police would be alarmed, and at the same instant a picture of the men would be made by the camera and flash-light combined, so that even if the man escaped the police they would leave behind them evidence which would very probably eventually result in their d[illegible]"

Careless Jack Davis has trouble in meeting his bills. To a pressing creditor he said:

"I can't pay you anything this month."

"That's what you told me last month."

"Well, I kept my word, didn't I?"

MISCELLANEOUS.

GREAT ADDITIONS

Made to

SILAS B. SMITH'S

IMMENSE STOCK OF

SEASONABLE GOODS

AT

BODIE, CALIFORNIA.

NEW FALL AND WINTER

Stock of Men's Wear of

EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Men and Boys can obtain

COMPLETE OUTFITS.

LADIES, MISSES,

AND CHILDREN

Can find nearly everything they need at

SILAS B. SMITH'S.

THE GREAT CARRIAGE HOUSE,
OF THE PACIFIC COAST.
MAXON & ACKLEY,
911 and 913 Second Street,
Sacramento, Cal.

of their Celebrated Open and Top Buggies, Phætons, Carriages, Sporting, Grocery and Fruit Wagons, have been sold and are now in use in California and Nevada, and give unfailing satisfaction.

ALL THEIR WORK IS GUARANTEED.
The Best Vehicles for the Money on the Pacific Coast.
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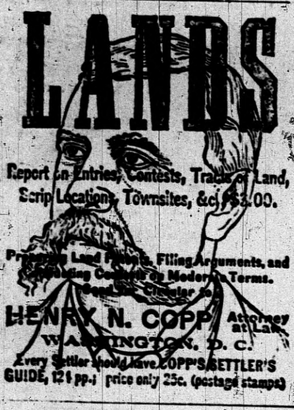
LANDS



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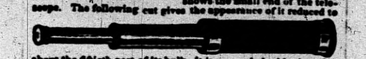

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TWO KISSES.

"Madam, will you give me something to eat?"

"Something to eat?" repeated the lady, a kind-looking matron of about thirty-five, who had come to the door on seeing a stranger approach, and cast a quick comprehensive glance over his person and attire.

"Oh, yes," she added. "Come in."

"Who is it, mamma?" asked a little eager voice, as a pretty child of six summers came from an inner room.

"Only a poor man,dear, who wants something to eat," replied the lady.

"There now!" she continued, placing a well-filled tray upon the table. "Sit down and help yourself."

The stranger obeyed.

A few words would have told his story. The only child of wealthy parents, Ralph Wentworth had lived to the age of twenty in ease and luxury.

He had graduated with a fair record from college, but with no marked proclivities for any art or calling, save the very agreeable and congenial one of enjoying the good things of life.

Within a week after the brilliant festivities that had celebrated his majority, his father had fallen dead in the street from a paralytic stroke, leaving the family penniless.

In a week more his mother had sunk to the grave; and the petted indulged boy was left to face the world alone, with no resources save the few pounds that remained of his father's birthday gift.

With the first shock of bereavement over, friends clustered around him, ready to advise and eager to assist in the spending of his little patrimony.

That once gone, his friends went also.

Ralph made a few ineffectual efforts to obtain some employment.

But where the heir of prospective thousands had been met with smiles and affability, the impecunious young man now encountered supercilious looks and incredulous shrugs.

Finally, filled with misanthropic disgust against these summer friends, he had resolved to quit England, and go he cared not where.

On the morning after coming to this decision, while glancing aimlessly over a paper, his eye fell upon an item describing the discovery of gold in California.

In an instant his resolve was formed. He would go there.

If his strength gave out before the goal was reached, so much the better; no one would care, no one would miss him.

It was in this mood that he had made his first request for a meal, for the last few pennies of his slender funds had bought him a meagre dinner the day before.

And as he now sat eating, a sudden rush of emotion came over him, and forced a sigh from his lips.

"What makes you feel so bad?"

The little earnest voice, breaking in upon his painful reverie, aroused him with a start.

Seated in a little rocker, which she was gently swaying to and fro, with her hands folded in her lap, and her sweet wistful eyes fixed with a searching yet sympathetic gaze upon him, was the child whose presence he had entirely forgotten.

Her mother had left the room temporarily, and he had thought himself alone.

"Why do you think I feel bad, little one?"

"Because your face looks so sad, and you don't eat anything hardly; and you almost cried just now," replied the little creature; "don't you feel happy?"

"Not very happy, child—that is a fact."

And another sigh finished the sentence.

"Are you a bad man?" was the next question.

A half smile parted Ralph's pale lips.

"Why do you ask me that?" he responded.

"Because mamma says that people—real good people, I mean—are always happy, and that they only feel sad when they do something wrong."

"I suppose mamma is right," said Ralph, sighing. "And yet I am not a bad man, little one; only a foolish one."

"I am foolish sometimes, and a little bad, too," said the little creature, shaking her head with a serious air. "And then mamma tells me to sit down in my chair and think about it; and by-and-by I feel very sorry, and look sad like you do now. Don't you feel sorry you was so foolish?"

"Indeed I do, my child," said the young man, with involuntary earnestness. "But tell me," he added, interested by her artless prattle, "what do you do then?"

"I tell mamma how sorry I am; and then she kisses me, and I feel better."

"Haven't you got any mamma or any friends to kiss you?"

"No, little one. My mother is dead, and my friends are all gone."

The child pondered for a moment.

"That is too bad!" she exclaimed.

Then she added:

"Will it make you feel better if I kiss you?"

"Yes, I think so. I am sure it will."

"Well, I will kiss you."

And, rising from her chair, the child stepped to his side and kissed him.

"Now you won't be foolish any more, will you?" she asked.

"Indeed I will try not to be!" was the earnest answer. "God bless you, little one! That is the sweetest kiss I have had since my mother died! How I wish I had a dear little friend like you."

"I will be your friend," said the child. "And wait a moment, I will get you something."

Darting away from his side, she felt the room, returning in a few minutes with a small parcel in her hand.

"See here," she said, opening it upon his knee. "Papa had my picture taken on some cards the other day, and he gave me this one to do just what I pleased with. He wrote my name on it: 'Maude Evelyn Granger.'

"I will give it to you, and when you look at it you can think of your little friend, and that she wants you to be good."

"But will your mamma let you give this to me?" asked Ralph with some misgiving.

"Oh yes! I asked her just now. I told her I wanted to give you something to make you feel happy, and she said, 'Very well, dear.' Now you'll have one friend, won't you?"

"Yes," said the young man, taking her soft little hand in his. "And if I should come back again some of these days, and tell you that I have been real good, and not foolish any more, will you kiss me again?"

"To be sure I will!"

At that moment the returning footsteps of the lady were heard and Ralph arose, hat in hand.

"I thank you kindly, madam, for your hospitality," he said.

He pressed little Maude's hand in a close, lingering clasp, raised his hat to his benefactress, and left the house.

* * * * *

Five years had passed, finding Ralph Wentworth still working as a common laborer at the mines.

Every evening when his work was ended, he would wander off to some secluded spot, then drawing a little package from his pocket, gaze long and earnestly at the pictured face it contained.

Frugal, abstemious, and self-denying as a hermit, his life appeared to have in it little to envy. But he had a goal before his mental vision of which they knew nothing—a goal to the attainment of which every dollar of his hard-earned wages, every energy of his mind, were devoted.

Although apparently lost to the world without, Ralph was not forgotten.

One day a letter came for him; a thick cumbrous-looking envelope, directed in a large sprawling hand.

In the solitude of his little cell-like room, he opened it, and his pale cheek flushed with a look that was ecstasy.

Then passed ten years more.

* * * * *

The brilliantly lighted parlors of Mrs. Remington's handsome mansion were filling fast with guests, when the hostess came forward to welcome a new comer—a lovely girl of twenty years, who was entering, accompanied by a gentleman, evidently her father.

"Good evening, my dear Maude!" she exclaimed, with a rapturous little squeeze of her hand. "I have delightful news for you—and all the other marriageable young ladies who will be here to-night!" with a gay laugh.

"I am to have among my guests to-night no less a person than Mr. Wentworth, that elegant young man—I call him young, for he is only thirty-five—who has been winning so many laurels.

"He's a splendid-looking man, they say, and immensely rich—owns mining property. He is home for a short visit and I've secured him for to-night. I will be sure to secure you an introduction to him."

"Do," replied Maude, smiling. Then she passed on to another part of the room.

Half an hour later there was a slight bustle at the door, and a ripple of expectancy among the guests.

Maude, who happened to be standing where she had a view of the entrance, perceived a tall elegant gentleman bending over the hand of Mrs Remington.

At the next moment he raised his head to glance over the company, and their eyes met.

Was it fancy, or did a fleeting emotion cross his face—a look of surprise, almost gladness, light up his fine eyes?

Maude was sure she had never met him before, and yet, as she returned his gaze for a moment, a feeling as of a half-forgotten memory came over her.

Twenty minutes later as Maude stood conversing with her partner, Mrs. Remington's voice greeted her ear:

"Maude, my love, Mr. Wentworth wishes to be introduced to you;" and looking up, she encountered again the earnest gaze of the handsome stranger.

A request for the next dance followed the introduction, then a promenade; and then, almost before she was aware, Mr. Wentworth had secured all the disengaged dances on her card.

His conversation, animated, varied, fluent, had at the same time a certain undercurrent of deep, even intense feeling, that lent a strange charm to his most commonplace words, and sent a thrill to the very heart of the fair girl.

It seemed as if there existed a kindred chord between them—a chord long silent, yet living still, and which thrilled with every vibration of his voice, making her feel, ere that short evening was past, as if he had been a friend of years—a loved and valued friend—rather than a stranger whom she was meeting for the first time.

Mr. Wentworth learned, in the course of their conversation, that Miss Granger was spending the winter in the city, being on a visit to some relatives, and he further asked and obtained permission to call upon her.

He did call many times; and at length, one evening, he said in the course of a long and earnest conversation:

"Miss Granger, ever since our acquaintance began, I have been wanting to tell you a story. Let me tell it now."

Drawing his chair closer to where she sat, Ralph Wentworth began a tale with most of which the reader is familiar. Then, continuing, he said:

"One day there came to that young man a letter containing the notice of a bequest of four thousand pounds from a distant relative, lately deceased.

"The money, with what he had saved in those five years, completed the purchase of a claim that was the beginning of his fortune. Step by step he mounted the ladder of life once more, until he gained commanding wealth, influence, friends; and, better than all, a clear and honorable record.

"Then he came back to his native city, to find her who had been his good angel all those years.

"Perhaps she had forgotten the man to whom her sweet childish sympathy had been a talisman and a blessing, for he had not even told her his name; but something whispered to him that he would find her again—and find her heart-free.

"Maude," he continued, taking the hand that trembled in his clasp, "through all those years that innocent kiss of a warm affectionate heart has lain pure upon my lips, the solace of my lonely life. Temptations I had many, but that little face was present with me always. I could not look into those pure eyes and sin.

"On the day when her little hand pointed out the way to a better life, she promised that I, I came back again, and could say to her that I had tried to do my duty, to be a good and useful man, she would kiss me again. I have kept my faith, have earnestly striven to retrieve youthful folly that had not yet become vice.

"And now will the woman redeem the promise of the child? Will she raise her lips to mine in another kiss—a kiss that shall tell me she will be my life's angel—my cherished and honored wife?"

For a moment Maude's voice failed her. Back over the years memory swept, bringing up every detail of that memorable interview, and she now knew the secret of the subtle sympathy which had seemed from the first to bind them together.

A new voice seemed speaking to her now, one to which her heart responded with a great and solemn joy; and reading his answer in her face upraised to his in one fleeting glance, Ralph Wentworth drew her to him and kissed her.

* * * * *

In a private apartment in Ralph Wentworth's luxurious home hangs a beautifully executed copy of the photograph he has cherished so long; while enclosed in a golden locket, which he will carry over his heart as long as he lives, is another, in miniature, of the sweet childish face, which, lifted to his in that first innocent kiss of sympathy and trust, was the turning-point in his life—the earnest of a useful, honorable and happy future.

At the Ribbon Counter.

She came hurrying and skurrying toward it with all the fuss and flutter fashionable shoppers make, says the Accident News. The clerk in charge smiled wearily as he saw them approach.

"I'll go you two cigarettes that they don't buy anything," he said to a fellow-clerk.

"I'll go you," was the reply.

"All right,—ah, anything I can show you in ribbons to-day, ladies?"

"Yes; I'd like——O Maude, see this new shade in green."

"How lovely! I do think that——O Sadie, how do you like this old shade in blue?"

"It's just sweet pretty."

"Think so?"

"Yes, indeed. What are you going to use the ribbon for?"

"A bow for Bismarck's collar. The dear little fellow has almost every shade and color imaginable now, but I thought I'd see if there was anything new."

"Aren't the ribbons perfectly lovely this year?"

"O! exquisite! I have over them!"

"What is your favorite shade?"

"Well, really, I just don't know. They are all so lovely."

"That's true. I've half a mind to take this sea-shell pink——O, have you noticed how they're combining pink and pale green this year?"

"Yes; but salmon and Nile green is prettier. Let um combine them and see. Show us some salmon and Nile green shades, please."

"O! how lovely!"

"Exquisite!"

"Just beautiful!"

"O Maude, how would this look on that pink plush bonnet of mine?"

"Lovely!"

"Let us combine some of this cardinal with this pale lemon——Oh! isn't it lovely?"

"Indeed it is! Do you like the picquot edge as well as the plain?"

"Oh, I hardly know."

"I don't either."

"They're both lovely."

"So they are. I have half a mind to get Bismarck a bow of this odd shade in red."

"He has dark eyes, hasn't he?"

"Oh, the loveliest dark eyes! And such beautiful silky brown hair."

"Yes; but on the whole, it isn't just the shade I want. Suppose we go over to Brown & Green's and see their ribbons before deciding?"

And they go.

Texas Siftings.

Contracts.

A merchant wanted a milliner. Miss Maclay was open to an engagement of this kind. The merchant hearing of her, dispatched a letter offering the situation, and asking for her answer by return mail. Directly she had read the letter, she wrote her acceptance on a postal card. But instead of mailing this herself, she gave it to a small boy to mail for her. The small boy carried it in his pocket, with his peg-top and marbles, for four days before he posted it. Meanwhile the merchant made other arrangements, and when Miss Maclay reached his store according to the terms of the card which had lingered in the pocket of the small boy, she was notified her services were not required. The Supreme Court of Illinois held that she could not obtain any damages for the breach of a contract without proving a contract to commence with. She had proved a proposal which required that she should assent by return mail, and as she had not assented by return mail, the small boy being her agent in the matter), but by a mail four days after she had failed to show acceptance of the merchant's offer. And judgment was given against the milliner.

Her Color Changed.

A young lady who was much worried about her complexion, asked the advice of a vegetarian friend as to the best means of improving her appearance.

"Take to vegetarianism," said the friend.

She took wildly; and fed on nothing but parsnips washed down with copious draughts of dandelion tea, for one week. Toward the end of the twenty-eighth day she was nearly as pretty in color as lobster. Yet somehow or other, the friend failed to please her, and after consulting a vegetarian friend again the young lady persisted for two months on peaches and raspberry vinegar neat. Still she did not succeed in getting changed, till she became a good copy of red sunset. Then she succeeded, she varied her nourishment, and existed on strawberry ices and grapes for six months, when she assumed a lovely pink and white hue. A very tasty tombstone has just been erected to her memory by her vegetarian friend.

Tragedy of the Swan.

On the banks of the river Idle, between Sawtry and Misson, a swan had built her nest in a hedge previous to the recent serious floods in May, and I was sitting on her eggs. When the water receded a curious sight was presented, the nest having been raised by the male and female to the height of about three feet, to which they had to collect more than a large cart load of sticks, reeds, leaves, etc. Upon this elevated nest the swan continued to sit—the eggs having been raised without injury—whilst the male bird kept would-be intruders, who were attracted by the sight, at a respectful distance.

A Lesson in Manners from the Northwest.

The custom of having the gentleman rescue the lady (down a theatre isle) is a relic of the time when ushers in public assembly places were unknown, and the ladies had to find a seat for his father or himself.

Under the modern regime the Minneapolis gentleman who follows his lady down the aisle to the pew or chair is ordered to walk behind with true etiquette than a Sioux brother.—[Minneapolis Tribune.

Don't Eat Too Much.

According to a hygienic article just published in the London Lancet, the appetite is a most interesting sense, too, often misled or dictated to the actual demands of the organism. If we only attended to it strictly we should find that a customary quantity of food sufficient to satisfy the most exigent cravings of hunger, and hence save ourselves many days' epsom.

Miss Petten: "Pretty Polly!"

Polly (imitatively): "Pretty Polly!"

Miss Petten: "You're sure the Lira is young one?"

Dealer: "Absolutely, madam! It came from Africa last May."

Polly (suddenly): "Tippecanoe and Tyler too!—oo!—oo!—*Puck.*

MINING NOTICES.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT.

MONO GOLD MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

Location of works, Bodie Mining District, Bodie, Mono county, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 17th day of November, 1888, an assessment, No. 2, of one fifty five Cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the office of the Company, Room 62, Nevada Block, No. 36, Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 23d day of December 1888, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before will be sold on

FRIDAY, the 24th day of JANUARY, 1890, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

T. L. BURLING, Secretary.

OFFICE—Room 62, Nevada Block, No. 36 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

[125 td]

Assessment Notice.

BODIE CONSOLIDATED MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

Location of works, Bodie Mining District, Bodie, Mono county, California.

NOTICE is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 11th day of November, 1888, an assessment (No. 11) of twenty five cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 62, Nevada Block, No. 36, Montgomery street San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 17th day of December last, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Wednesday, the 22d day of January, 1890, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

E. L. BURLING, Secretary.

Office—Room No. 62 Nevada Block, No. 36 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

[dec4-td]

LEGAL.

Notice to Creditors.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT COUNTY OF Mono, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of CHARLES AUGUSTUS SCHUMAN, Deceased.

Estate of Charles Augustus Schuman, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the Estate of Charles Augustus Schuman, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix, at the Law Office of W. O. Parker, on Main street Bridgeport, Mono County, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said Estate, in said County of Mono.

Dated at Bridgeport, this 28th day of December, 1889.

MISCA SCHUMAN,

Administratrix of the Estate of Charles Augustus Schuman, deceased.

Indorsed. Filed this Dec. 28, 1889. O. H. Hester, Clerk.

ATTEST A true copy.

O. H. K. HESTER, Clerk.

[dec28-4w]

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[dec28-1m]

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Water Rights, Land and Mining Litigation a specialty. [e7]m

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
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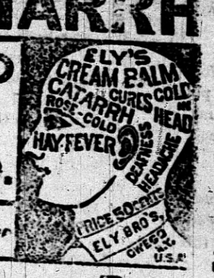

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